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The Writer's Fall or Why I Shouldn't Be Trusted With God-Like Powers



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Chapter 1 by Dovalord

The writer sat in his bed. It was dark, and he held a flashlight to his notebook as he wrote. Then, his subconscious broke the ruse of ignorance and directly contacted the reader. Yes I'm talking to you. It matters not how you came across this book. maybe the graphic caught your eye. Or perhaps the insane title grabbed you. Anyway, I don't care how you got it. But be prepared to follow my brain's hopscotch of a story. Ahem... Why are you still here? That was a warning, a deterrent. "Abandon all hope ye who enter"! Shoo. Fine. Obviously, you're very brave.

This is the story of the people of Alternia.

I stare into the world I created, forming its hills and valleys, tall mountains and low deserts appear where I deem fit. And- are you really going to sit there as I make a universe from my mind? That takes billions of years! 1) It's rude and 2) it will be a while. Why not just put the book down' walk away for a couple billion years, and let the archaeologists pick up where you left off? No? My, you truly are determined. Fine, I'll fast forward a few millennium. Massive oceans cover the world and it leads to the evolution of man. That fast enough? 'Cuz I'm not doing it again. Now where was I?

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backwards. It was that or Dallas, and I don't want a city named after a vegetarian dish. Now shush!

We see Timothy, mid-30's, average height and weight. Nice hair. Married. Two kids. And this is the story of him, the world' and the irresponsible fun I was having with it.

Chapter 2 by Dovalord



For the purpose of easy recognition, I shall be in */italics/*. No? But if I don't alter my side, how will you know? Color it red? My good dear reader, this isn't the Bible. Italics it is.

/Tim, Tim, are you there?/ Tim looked around, confused.

/Tim, it's me, your Author./

"Oh, uh, sorry. Hi, how are you?"

/Cut the small talk, Tim. I'm admiring the world I made in five minutes./

"That's a hurried job."

/The readers were getting impatient./

"Ah, well that explains it."

/Indeed. Whatever makes them happy./

"Daddy, who are you talking to?" Tim's daughter, Suzy, asked.

"Just the Author." Tim replied.

"Oh, hello Author!" She said.

/Hi Suzy./ She skipped off joyfully. No, I don't need a reason for her emotion.

"My lord, what should I do?" He asked.

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/I'm not God, Tim, I'm a fr

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"Sorry"

/Tim, can you handle the fact that I determine your future./

"Yeah, I guess so."

/I need you to know so, Tim./

"Yes, I can."

/Good. I've got to go. The whole world can handle it if you can, Tim./

"Wait, what?" I left before I could answer him. I had work to do.

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